

# Of Moons and Castles

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Summary: Destiny is a cloth made of many threads. Each of the threads is a persons destiny and they effect others destines. And when threads meet, things change. Six young people have run away from home all longing for freedom. And when they meet things change. (Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons/The Big Four fic AU)

## 1. Chapter 1: Of Horses and Frying Pans

For six months she had been happy. For six months she had all she ever wanted and more. But it was all gone now. Her true parents, all her lovely subjects who she had come to love dearly. All gone. All ripped away from her. Forever.

She clung to the back of her friend, silent tears streaming down her face as the horse galloped through the forest. Her friend knew that her heart was breaking, he just didn't know what to do about it. So they continued through the forest silent, both lost in their own thoughts.

She thought of her parents and her hair that for some reason came back. It wasn't supposed to. Once her hair was cut it was supposed to stay like that forever. But it didn't, it grew again, it was blond again, and worst of all it was magic again. Her hair. Something that was a gift from the heavens, but she had come to hate. Magic hair, both a blessing and a curse. Lately it seemed more like a curse. It was the reason to why they were running anyway. She had to protect her people, that was her duty as a princess. People wanted her hair they would do anything to get it which put her people in danger. She had tried to cut it again but it was still blond. In a few short weeks it was back to its former potential. Both in length and magic. And she hated it for that.

While her thoughts were of longing and regret, his were more of planning and the task at hand. Years of being a thief had paid off, he knew how to think on his toes and all the best short cuts in the

forest. Which would have been great if he actually knew where they were going. Mentally he went over the supplies they already had and what they would still need. They had enough food for a week, a couple changes of clothes, frying pans for weapons, a chameleon, and a horse. There was so much they needed to reach their destination, but they needed a destination first. He noticed that the constant wetness on his back was starting to lessen. He turned in the saddle slightly and asked if she was okay. The only response he got was a mumbled whimper. With a slight sigh he faced forwards once again, signaling for the horse to speed up. It was nearing twilight and they were in need of a place to camp for the night.

When he finally found one and set up camp, night had already fallen. He fixed up a meal from the food in their supplies and tried to get her to eat something, they had a long journey ahead and she would need her strength. But she refused all offers of food and water, feeling too sick with grief to keep anything down. Instead she insisted on curling herself in a small ball until she cried herself to sleep. He was very worried for her but he allowed himself to relax when he noticed she was sleeping. Since she was no emotional state to do anything he kept watch through the night, tending to the fire and keeping wild animals away. For the most of the night he looked up at the night sky admiring the beauty of the stars and the moon. At one point when the moon was at its highest point he could have sworn he saw something soar through the darkness above him. He saw what he could only describe as a dragon. He quickly dismissed this as lack of sleep because who would ever believe him if he said he saw a dragon flying through the night sky with a couple of human like figures riding on its back? No one that's who, people would dismiss him as crazy if he ever said it out loud.

While he had a peaceful night of stars and skies, she wasn't as lucky. Her sleep was plagued with nightmares of Mother Gothel and that horrible tower she was in for so long. In her dreams Mother Gothel turned in to dust right in front of her several times, and sometimes she herself suffered that same fate. She also saw images of thugs and ruffians trying to cut her hair and make her bleed. Throughout her sleep she also saw giant monsters with wings coming at her and trying to rip her flesh with their razor sharp teeth. Shadows followed her everywhere, as well as dark clouds that gave off ominous thundering noises. The whole time she was paralyzed with fear, unable to move, unable to wake up, unable to do anything until the dreams released her. When she awoke she could tell it was going to be a horrible day, storm clouds were coming in and a cold drizzle was already starting to fall.

For the next two days it was the same. Cold drizzle and a stormy sky. Silence but no more tears. It seemed as if it would be the same every day until they finally found somewhere to go. That was the plan that was what they were supposed to do. Until their world collided with three very different ones.

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><p><strong>AN: Hi! I got sucked in to this fandom in a matter of hours and I totally love it! So I made this, also I couldn't sleep. My origin back story is different then what most of the origin/back stories are so just bear with me, it will all be explained in time. If you get the title reference then you are awesome.\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own this. HHTYD and ROTG go to Dreamworks, Tangled to Disney, and Brave to Disney-Pixar. (I think)\*\***

## 2. Chapter 2: Of Dragons and Battle Axes

**\*\*A/N: This is rated T for a reason. This chapter has blood and death. More at bottom.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer\*\*\*\*: I own absolutely nothing.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Come on boy, you and me are taking a vacation until forever." He called out in hope of his pet coming to him.<p>

"A vacation to were exactly?" she asked. She just had to ask. If she didn't ask she probably wouldn't be this close to dying right now.

"And now the spinning. Thanks for nothing, you useless reptile." He said in a sarcastic voice obviously pissed off.

"Okay I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Just make it stop!" She begged wanting nothing more than to be on the ground. He didn't have to do anything it was as if it knew what she wanted. It slowed and the ride became smoother as it drifted up towards the clouds. She noticed the difference and opened her eyes a slit only to have them fly open in awe. She relaxed and adjusted her arms around his waist from the death grip she had earlier to something more like a gentle hug from behind. He noticed this difference and beamed, blushing slightly. As the ride continued his smile only grew bigger. She lifted one arm up and ran it through the clouds which were tinted pink from the sunset. It broke the cloud surface up to where the clouds ended and the stars and moon shone brightly. She returned her arm to around his waist hugging him a little tighter.

"What are you going to do since to have to you-know-what a you-know-what?" She asked him when they landed gesturing to it.

"I'm running away." He told her dead serious.

"You're what?" She asked shocked.

"I'm running away."

"No you're not."

"Yes I am I can'tâ€| ya know."

"You didn't let me finish. You're not running away without me." She said before punching him in the shoulder.

"What was that for?!"

"That was for kidnapping me" she said. Then she gave him a quick peck on the cheek "and that was for the ride." She added awkwardly before stumbling away leaving him star struck. "I have to get some stuff from home. I'll meet you here in half an hour." She called over her shoulder then disappeared from his view.

"Do you think we did the right thing?" She asked him one night when they were eating around a fire.

"You mean leaving two months ago?" He asked her. When she nodded her head in reply he answered "Well we didn't really have a choice. I couldn't kill the dragon and if I didn't it would have killed me, so yes I think I did the right thing."

"I?" she questioned playfully "As in you're right and I'm wrong?"

"That's not what I meant and you know it."

"Uh yeah sure. So do you have a destination yet or are we still winging it."

"Winging it. I don't really care where I end up." But in his head he added 'So long as I'm with you.' "Now I have a question for you."

"Okay shoot."

"Why did you insist on coming with me?"

She took a moment to ponder on that, she often asked herself that question. "Well you were set on going and if you went then I would have had to of taken your place, and after that ride with you I knew I couldn't either. Also I justâ€¦ there's always been this part of me who wanted to try new things to go to new places. And if you were out here by yourself you'd probably be dead by now." But she left out some things, first on that ride under the stars and the moon she felt something special, a connection to him. When he said he was leaving a hole opened up in her stomach. A hole that she knew only he could fill. Also things at home were only okay. "Wellâ€¦ good night!" She said rather loudly and extremely awkwardly so he would not question her.

"Yeah, night." He said in reply making himself comfortable on the ground. He was slightly put off by her actions and was beginning to become a bit suspicious, but he was tired and wanted nothing more than to sleep. So he pushed all his thoughts to the back of his head and closed his eyes, yawning just a little bit. He was expecting peaceful dreams, but instead his head was filled with horrible images of shadows and monsters. She came running through the fog calling his name. He called hers too but it was too late the arrow had already pierced her heart. She fell to her knees and then to the side, her eyes, her beautiful blue eyes, were glazed over staring up at the inky black sky. He too felt the pain of the arrow as if it had pierced his heart as well as hers. He scrambled over to where she lay panicking at the amount of blood he saw. He gently worked the arrow out of her chest even though he knew she was too far gone.

After closing her eyes for the last time ever, he cleaned all the blood off of her, his hands tender and gentle as he washed her with some of his tunic he had cut off and water from the river next to them. The whole time he worked he was silent, the only movements besides his hands and arms were from the tears running down his face. When she was clean he brought her up to him and hugged her tightly like he had always wanted to do but never had the courage for. He

picked her up gently as not to wake her and carried her over to a patch of wildflowers. He set her in the middle positioning her so she looked peaceful. With tears still running down his face he brushed the hair out of her eyes, so that it was just the way she liked it. He placed a kiss on her forehead, turned and walked away leaving his first and only love and best person he had ever known behind forever. And with her he left part of himself.

He knew that she would be happy, living in the sky with the gods. Away from him the person she hated so much for making her seem bad during dragon training and for stealing her thunder. He also knew that he would never be happy. Not with the memories in his head and her blood that stained his clothes. It would be a constant reminder of what he had lost, and what she had gained.

She too was cursed with nightmares. She saw him running at her through the blood red fog calling out her name. She let out a warning when she saw the arrow, and he was able to move some but not enough. Despite the stabbing she felt in her own heart she rushed over to him to assess the damage. The arrow barely missed its mark, guaranteeing him a slow painful death. She bent over him and as carefully as possible removed the arrow. She started crying and he noticed her tears.

"Don't cry. It'll be okay." He managed to say after several attempts.

"No don't talk. It will just make things worse for you." She begged him clutching his right hand.

"No I have to tell you something." She noticed that with each word he said a new gush of blood spread over his stomach. "I...I have to t-tell youâ€¦. I love you. I a-always have and I always w-will." He reached up with his left hand and brushed his fingers along her face.

"I love you too. I just never said anything because I thought you would reject me." The tears streaming down her face dripped off her face and fell into his blood below swirling together to make complicated designs.

He took his arm away from her face as if he was too tired to keep it lifted. "Why would I ever reject you? Just remember promise me you'll remember. I love you." Then he took his last breath and closed his eyes forever.

"Please wake up. Wake up and kiss me just like I know you always wanted to do. Please." They were both covered in his blood. So much blood. In the back of her mind she knew it was too much, after a certain amount, he was gone forever. She shook his shoulders in a desperate attempt to wake him up, but it was no use. The only thing she succeeded in was getting more blood and her already stained shirt. "No. NNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OO!" She wailed in to the mist. Unable to take the emotional strain anymore she collapsed on to his chest sobbing uncontrollably.

They were both awoken by a loud thunder like noise. They both looked at each other from where they laid unable to comprehend why the other was alive. But it didn't matter why they were so long as they were. They both sprang up and raced towards each other hugging the other

person tightly when they met in the center, both of them crying their hearts out. They heard several more thunder like sound that were progressively getting closer.

He motioned for her to be silent as they grabbed their battle axes. Cautiously they crept out of the woods and in to the clearing the sound seemed to be coming from with his pet close behind. When they stepped in to the clearing they saw something they definitely weren't expecting.

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><p><strong>AN: Thanks to those who reviewed, favorited, and followed. Also this is the longest thing I've written in my entire life so don't expect this to be my standard. Please review, what you liked, what you didn't like, constructive criticism is accepted and appreciated.\*\*

### 3. Of Horseback and Archery

\*\*Hey I'm not dead! More at bottom.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>'It's not fair!' The girl thought as she sobbed on the bed. 'She can't do this to me! Can she?' Well apparently she could. Apparently her mother could use her as some kind of pawn. But she was not a trophy! This would not stand! Well at least it wouldn't if she wasn't locked up in this room. The young princess didn't want to be forced to marry again, but apparently if she didn't there would be a war and it would all be her fault. She didn't want to go to war with the Vikings but she didn't want to marry one either. Why she didn't understand. Apparently she was part of some peace treaty her mother had thought of marriage between her and a Viking kid for peace between the groups.<p>

Well she certainly couldn't go through with it. So that only left one option. Run away. Forever. It was quite simple no princess meant no marriage and without a princess there would be no war. The only problem was that she was stuck in the room. Her mother had thrown in her prison the second the treaty had been signed so she wouldn't run away. So all she had to do was wait.

\* \* \*

><p>When night came she was ready. This time she would be calm and take her time unlike her frantic struggles the last time she was locked up. She carefully used the fireplace poker to pick the lock. When she finish she didn't know how long she had been sitting there but the stiffness in her limbs told her that it had most likely been over two hours. She stood up stretching and cursing her foot that had fallen asleep while she was working, that was definitely going to make sneaking around the castle harder. She quietly closed the door still holding the fireplace poker.<p>

She crept down the hall not daring to go too fast in case she would make too much noise. She silently snuck in to her real room and snatched he things she would need. Her satchel, her bows and arrows of course, as well as her cloak and favorite dress. She crept up the

hallway and down the stairs into the kitchen. Once there she swiped a basket and filled it with bread, apples, and those little pastries that she loved. She packed the rest of her things quickly, she placed the fireplace poker into her quiver and bucked the quiver onto her waist. She put on her cloak and her bow over her back.

She left the kitchen quietly closing the door behind her and made her way to the stable. She went to her horses stall and put the saddle on him. Climbing on to him she secured the basket and her satchel. As he softly but swiftly left the castle grounds she flipped up her hood so no one would recognize her. Once the castle and the village were far enough behind she urged him to gallop as quickly as possible.

They were racing through the forest when suddenly she saw a smidgen of light blue out of the corner of her eye. She pulled on his reins and he skidded to a stop and she tumbled over his head. She skidded across the ground landing against one of the giant rocks. She could feel hot tears starting to build up behind her eyes but instead of letting them fall she grabbed his reins and let him to the wisp. She reached out her hand and tried to gently stroke the thing but it dissapered before she could. A little ways away another appeared, she followed the trail until she came across something she had never seen before.

A group of wisps. She had seen trails and loners but never a group. They were all gathered as if they were waiting for something. She reached out to touch one, her fingers went right through it, it felt like a fine mist. She knew they were waiting for something and it had to do something to do with her fate. So she mist waited with them this would be the perfect place to spend the night.

She began to drift off but she welcomed the sleep for she was very tired. In her sleep she could not see for it was pitch black. She could fell the darkness creeping in on her and she felt the cold. It was so so cold. It was freezing her, freezing her to death. She could feel the life being sucked out of her. But she recovered she lived or so she thought. When she was recovered it happened again the life was sucked out of her over and over and over again.

She awoke with a start gasping for breath. He was besides her making sure she was okay. She looked around for the wisps seeing that they had disappeared in their place was a pink purple and blue portal. She climbed on him and had him walk in to the portal she didn't care where it took her so long as it was away from her mother. She took a deep breath and disappeared from her world.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Yeah I know I suck. But Merida is so unbeliveilby hard to write so im sorry it took so long but at least its here right?<strong>

\*\*I own nothing because if i did Dreamworks would have released a clip and would not be trolling with penguins.\*\*

End  
file.